A New Time

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Summary: Two years after the sacrifice of Robin, the wounds of loss haven't subsided. With the loss- okay, you know what. Robin died, everyone's depressed, there's a new threat on the horizon, and they'll have to learn to trust a new ally who claims to come from the future

Chapter 1: Chapter 1:A New Face

It was 2 years after the sacrifice of Robin.

It was too hard a good bye, Chrom remembered, the tears, the denial, the pain that just wouldn't go away. They say that time heals all wounds, but it would not be so easy. It was too soon a demise after his beloved sister, their actions were too similar.

To give your own for the greater good.

What he felt was betrayal, selfishness, isolating themselves to save everyone else, not taking into regard their feelings. It was hard without Robin he admitted to himself, even though he and Virion were doing the best they could none of their tactics could come possible close to the chief tacticians.

" Heh, well, it went better than last time" Virion said chuckling mournfully to himself. Another victory, however the price was high; almost a whole platoon of soldiers who gave their lives for the greater good. The Risen were becoming more bold, it was strange, even though Grima was completely destroyed his minions remained. Chrom returned to his tent putting his hand on his face, remembering Robins words,

" *We are not some pawns of some scripted fate Chrom, the future is how we choose to make it, here and now"*

His smile flashed in his mind, the cheeky man, always with hope and never wavering. The one time he did…were the last moments he spent on this earth, he decision to take his own life, leaving behind the people who cared for and loved him.

His thoughts were interrupted by Lissa entering his tent. His dear sister, she loved Robin, even though he never returned those feelings, out of respect. She confessed to him her feelings many times, however his reply was to always find someone better than he to take care of her.

" Hey Chrom, Lucina wants to talk to you." She said with a mournful smile, even her smile had taken injury to the events of Grima.

He nodded, patting her head as he walked out. The camp was eerily quiet, as he walked towards where Lucina was he noticed that everyone was doing their duties in a silence, the only sounds to be heard were the clashing of swords, crackling of the campfire, and chopping of wood.

" You wanted to talk to me Lucina?" Chrom said.

His daughter from the future looked up to him somberly; she was sitting in front of a tree polishing her falchion

" Yes father," she stood, sheathing her blade "May we walk for a while?"

" Of course" he agreed.

They walked to the side of the lake that they were sheltered near, Lucina looked guilty, beyond redemption. She looked him in the eyes and spoke, " Father, I believe that Robin knew what his fate was, before the battle."

Chrom took a moment to process this, "What do you mean?"

She looked down, "I-It was when I threatened to kill him, when he made his choice, "*either way it's not going to matter"*. Is what he said I think he knew that even if he chose to live, he would have died anyway."

Chrom's eyes were shadowed for a moment and then he hugged Lucina. " Robin wasn't perfect Lucy, even he had doubts about the future. But I know that he would have done what was necessary to protect us all"

Lucy buried her face into her father's chest and started to cry " I miss him."

The Exalt looked towards the night sky and replied, "So do I."

When they returned to camp, Sumia ran up them.

"C-Captain, report from Feroxi! Basillio and the Khan sends word of an incoming army of Risen heading for the Captial."

"What?!" Chrom said shocked, Lucina too shared his surprise.

" Lucina inform the others" his daughter nodded and ran off " Sumia, what of the size and strength of the incoming army" he said walking briskly towards his tent.

"E-eh, Favia says that even though they've weakened the outer linings, the core remains unscathed. She says that their leader may be as strong as Walhart even stronger.

Definitely trouble. Chrom thought, strapping on his armor. "Sumia, you should be prepared also" He said.

"Yes sir" She said rushing out the tent. *Eh, why do I feel like I'm forgetting something?*

As his comrades prepared for battle Chrom called Virion to his tent, both of them tried to discuss a proper tactic to earn victory but it was difficult to retain strength whist spreading out their forces to deal with the outer attackers.

Where's Robin when you need him?

Sumia then rushed in again just before the battle was to begin. " Captain Chrom!" She said standing upright. "Please pardon this interruption but I forgot to tell you, Basillio himself shall come with his new tactician to serve as aid."

Chrom nodded at the news, "Let's hope that this tactician can lead us to victory.

Meanwhile, on horseback a days walk away.

" Urrrg, dang that Basillio, getting too dunk at that inn. Sending me by myself into the jaws of the beast, meteorically speaking of course. It's a good thing that a few of the troops are keeping an eye on him. High Ho Silver!" The hooded figure said reining the gray horse towards the supposed area where the Yeastel army was.

The battle was going terribly Chrom saw his friends getting injured in front of his eyes. He saw the Risen in shadowed black armor tearing them apart. As one crossed blades with him, he saw that the Risen had taken his troupe down, none were dead. It was just he standing. They surrounded him as he kept his stance sharp. The leader of the Risen charged him, striking with swiftness and power. Chrom kept on his toes avoiding every attack; they were evenly matched when it came to skill, power, and speed. But there was one difference, stamina, his almost seemed, unhuman. While Chrom could hold his own for a while, the Risen was dead, thus having all the time in the world to kill a blue haired ruler. Finally the Exalt fell to his knees out of pure exhaustion.

The hooded man's eyes glowed blood red as he smirked. "I remember what will be, if I kill you, the rest of the deaths will fall into place, even without Grima's resurrection. " He raised his blade to strike down Chrom permanently. "Such a shame I couldn't kill that other weakling too, before he stupidly gave his life for supposed peace." He slashed down.

Chrom closed his eyes, everything went slow, he had heard Lucina call out for her father.

Heh, he was going to fail his family again. Maybe they would forgive him in time. He thought to himseld wearily.

The clash of blades was heard. Chrom looked in front of him, a familiar dark inscribed cloak stood, protecting him. The figure was struggling against the enemy but they still smirked a smile.

"We are not pawns of some scripted fate you foolish Dastard. The future is how we choose to make it, here and now. And as of right now, there shall be no headless exalts. There shall be only your blood on this battle field."

The attacker jumped back, he glared at Chroms savior "I hadn't expected you of all of the Grimleal's filth to worm you way towards the light. The fell dragon must still have some power if you're here."

"…"

" It matters not spawn of Grima, you shall meet your end once again, So be the will of Naga to destroy any remains of the fell dragon." And the man ran off.

"H-Hey! You're not getting away that easily." The figure said running after the Risen leader.

The Exalt himself was stunned by the turn of events; he was weak from battle and could hardly move. Had that truly been Robin?

The Risen has their archers shoot upon that captured shepherds, they were sitting ducks is the battleground below.

"Time to tip the scales." The hooded figure mumbled. They, took out a worn tomb and casted a spell that summoned lightning upon them self. Fast as lighting they cut down the brigade of arrows and finished off the Risen. The Shepard's stared the figure in disbelief, no possible way.

Lissa ran off to heal Lucina who had hurt her leg, a stray injured Risen aimed and fired upon the women.

"NO!"

Chrom tried to run towards them but fell over due to his aching muscles.

The hooded figure still has their spell on hand, casting the spell once again, breaking the tomb. They had cut down one arrow but was hit on the arm and shoulder from protecting Lissa and Lucina. They stared for a split second before trying to help the person resembling Robin.

However the hooded figure tried to flee the battle scene, overwhelmed by the amount of people and the pain in their arm and body.

Chrom mustered what left of his measly strength and stood.

"Robin!"

The hooded figure stopped, tuned and limped towards the exalt, the shepherds had been forced to retreat back to camp being promised answers later on, leaving behind Chrom and Frederick.

The blue haired exalt put his hand on the figure's good shoulder and spoke with unwavering words

"Robin, is it really you?"

The figure removed their hood to reveal familiar white hair and red eyes.

" Please tell me, do you know who and where my father is?" A girl said with pleading eyes.

" My name is Morgan"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Uncle

Robin's child

It had honestly shocked Chrom; Robin himself had never shown interest in anyone else, at least not him front of him.

Morgan had been sleeping in the healers' tent, weary from the battle and her injuries. Chrom had explained the situation to the other shepherds that Morgan was staying with them until further notice.

Lissa stayed by the girls' side, there was a deep worry in her eyes. Of course she already had Owrain who had come to the past. It was made clear that his father wasn't the one whom the healer had deeply loved.

Just then a call, a sound of a familiar horn, was heard by everyone in camp.

The familiar face of Basilio and a few of his troops marched into camp.

" It's been while, huh boy!" He then laughed heartily, slapping Chrom on the back.

"Er- yes Basillio it has." Chrom muttered out.

"I don't suppo- Ah" He spotted Lon'qu and Olivia and marched over to them, striking up conversation about the condition of their home.

"I also hear that Olivia had a kid from the future. Lemme at 'em" Basillio said with a grin.

Olivia called to Inigo who seemed to be cowering behind Yarne.

The taller man stared at the mercenary for a few heart beats and dully said "Olivia, I truly believe this strapping scrawny boy is your child, you must be almost proud."

"S-scrawny?!" Inigo stuttered out defensively.

Basilio ignored that comment and went faced towards Chrom again this time with a serious face. "Chrom, there's a reason that I came to Ylessia. "

These words perked the Exalts interest; he herded the former Khan into his tent.

"As you know, I sent you news of the incoming army."

Chrom nodded.

"My apologies that I could not assist you as fast as I had hoped, however, there's someone else leading the risen now."

Chrom stood abruptly. "Wait the risen were the foot soldiers of Grima. What are you saying Basilio?"

The grown man had his hands folded in front of his face with a deep serious expression.

"I'm saying that what Robin gave his life for may have been for nothing."

Those words took a moment to process. Robin, his best friend, and the greatest tactician that everyone had ever had seen had miscalculated.

"I don't know when, but my new informant told me that something has disturbed The Ruins of Time. Something there has caused the dead to walk again, and because of that. The peace that was fought for has been almost all for nothing."

" Basilio. Do you know what you're saying?"

"Believe you me Chrom; I was the first to immediately deny what I had been told. But the facts don't lie."

Chrom's world shook. "Who informed you, and how to they know of these so called on comings?

Basilio chuckled and opened his mouth when a still injured Morgan walked in, when the two spotted each other, their eyes sparkled.

"Uncle Basilio!" Morgan excitedly said and jumped hugged the former Khan, before immediately pulling back saying "You're late!" with a pout.

He chuckled and messed up her hair. "Sorr Morgan, hope you didn't get too scratched up."

She pouted and fisted her stomach with her good arm, "Nothing I can't handle sir!"

Chrom stood there, "How do you two know each other, and Morgan, shouldn't you be resting?!"

"Don't worry Uncle Chrom. Uncle Basilio saved my life; I'm in his debt until he says otherwise. I'm the new tactician of Ferox " She said proudly.

"Uncle Chrom?"

"Yes, Father always spoke of you fondly; he said when I met you, that I should call you Uncle." She said with a smile.

Chrom smirked at the thought of his beloved friend being a father, but then another thought popped into his head. "Morgan, did he speak of anyone else?"

She thought a bit and then with an excitement explained that Robin told her stories about the Shepards and their quests and adventures. How each member was an individual, even the children from the future. "The only thing he never told me was why he left." She said with a curious face. "But I know that it was before I was born."

Chrom exchanged a glance with Basilio who listened to Morgan's words with great interest.

"Morgan?! Where did you go?!" a voice called. It sounded like Lissa.

The snow haired girl turned and ran out of the tent saying bye to the two men. "Aunt Lissa!"

There was a brief silence before Chrom broke it, "Was assisting us in a battle the only reason for coming?" he asked Basilio who had his arms crossed.

He chuckled. "No, Morgan told me the same she told you. My intentions were to take her here, see if anything could jog her memory."

"Jog her Memory?" Chrom said somewhat shocked.

"Heh, like Father like daughter, when I found Morgan she was injured and had no memories except for her father. Luckily Robin told her about *the former Khan of Ferox with one good eye* as she put it."

"I see…"

"And not only that, the kid is as well-tuned as her old man. A true genius when it comes to battle." He said walking out the tent.

The Exalt was left to his thoughts as Basilio went to greet the other Shepherds.

Morgan left the tent in a hurry not wanting to make Lissa worry.

"*Aunt Lissa is kind-hearted woman who will take care of you should something happen. You can trust her and Uncle Chrom with your life" Robin said carrying a toddler Morgan for a walk in a dark forest, they were training together in tomb magic.*

"*Had things been different, she would have been your mother Mor Mor." The snow haired man smiled at his little girl.*

"*Mother…"*

"Aunt Lissa, I'm here!" Morgan said panting. She stopped in front the blonde woman and Owain next to her.

Lissa hugged and gently grasped her shoulders. "You're still injured Morgan, you have to rest."

"Eh! But it's just an arm wound and I trust your healing Aunt Lissa. I'm okay" she insisted.

Lissa didn't hear any of that, but Owain insisted that Morgan should help in the kitchen, which the youngest agreed to immediately. "Please!" she pleaded with puppy dog eyes.

Lissa stared at the both of them hesitantly and agreed. They shared a high-five like they were best friends and Owain showed her to the mess hall tent.

She trusts me

Lissa thought to herself, "*she's just met me but she trusts me… I wonder if Robin had anything to do with this."* She blushed at the thought.

In the mess hall were Panne, Ricken, Gregor, Lon' qu, Cordilia, and Brady.

"Hi!" Morgan said with a glee.

All eyes were on her, Ricken was the first to step forward.

With a smile her said "Hello there, are you a new requite? My name's Ricken" and he proceeded to introduce everyone helping with kitchen duty.

"*I have no idea if Ricken got taller, but the last time I saw him, he was always full of energy and eager to prove to us that he was capable. The next time we meet, perhaps he can teach you something new about Tombs. "*

Still smiling she said "My name is Morgan and I'm Ferox's Tactician."

" Gregor is pleased to meet one such cute as yourself little one." He said, with a smile.

"*Gregor is basically Gregor; he's a good man who'll do basically anything for coin. But don't let that fool you, he's a loyal friend."*

Brady and Lon'qu grunted.

Panne's nose twitched in Morgan's direction, her eyes widened, and she quickly embraced the tactician, surprising everyone, but the snow haired girl didn't seem to mind.

"It's nice to meet you too!" She said returning the hug.

Panne knelt down and said "Even the children of fellow Taguel are welcomed young one"

Morgan cutely tilted her head slightly but smiled.

"*Panne, she may seem cold at first but it's not without a reason. She's a true warrior and kind-hearted soul. Even if she seems odd, remember her customs are different from ours."*

Cordelia approached Morgan with a light smile, "Hello there Morgan, I assume that you were sent to help with the kitchen duties."

"*Cordelia, a beauty and a genius, she's truly a dedicated and disciplined woman. Try not to ever get on her bad side by disrespecting Uncle Chrom kay'?"*

" Yes ma'am" Morgan said saluting her. Owain got tangled into the kitchen chores as well to his distaste.

He was mumbling to himself while peeling potatoes, while Morgan was humming a tune next to Brady.

"So, Morgan, where do come from?" Brady asked, with suspicion.

"*Don't be afraid of Bradly Mor Mor, he may look mean but he has a heart of gold. Underneath the exterior he's a true gentleman, I'd suppose you'd have to be. Being raised by Miabelle, haha"*

"I came from Ferox with Uncle Basilio." She said with a cherry smile.

"Uncle Basilio?" they all said at the same time, no one had referred to the former Khan as anything so affectionate.

"Ya, see, he found me in the ruins of time surrounded by risen so he lent me a hand, and now I still have both of them, hands I mean. I'm in his debt."

She noticed that Lon'qu was eyeing her suspiciously. "Why would you be at the ruins of Time? That place is supposedly cursed. "

"*Lon'qu speaks for himself, a brooding former merc of Basilio. He's actually really shy around women, but truly a force to be reckoned with."*

Morgan looked upward for a second."mmmmmm, I don't remember." She said in her usual tone, and went back to peeling her potatoes.

" …what do you mean you don't remember." The brunette inquired.

" Ethoo, how do I put this…I've got almost amnesia."

"That is this almost amnesia you speak of little one?" Gregor said chopping some veggies.

"I can't remember anything before I was found. The only important thing I do remember is my father."

"Your father?" Corderlia asked with curiosity.

" Yup, he's the greatest. I learned everything from him." She said with pride.

They ran out of potatoes.

"Ah we're done ma'am" Morgan said standing up.

Cordelia was surprised for a second and immediately collected her thoughts

"Ah- good job," She said to the snow-haired girl. "You boys should work harder." The red head pointed towards the pile of peeled potatoes with Morgan's being the biggest.

They were embarrassed being outshone by the newbie, who was chuckling behind them.